

TOC H JOURNAL

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God and St. George !

THE ROYAL CHARTER granted to Toc H in 1922 was not designed for bedside reading. Members who read it from cover to cover are very few but, if they find its entertainment value slight, they cannot suppose that it doesn't matter. Very early on, they see the actual government of their society put into the hands of a hundred members, democratically elected by Branches, with a few *ex officio* members added. It is for this Central Council and no other body to decide upon the weightiest matters of policy. And it is this Council which elects a new Central Executive each year to carry out the policy, to make decisions and to take action in all sorts of matters which vitally concern the life of our Family. All this may seem to some members, busy with the affairs of their own Branch or District, as remote as the doings of Parliament or even their local Council seem to many a man and woman in the bus. And yet, in Toc H as in the nation, "we get the government we deserve", that is the government we take the trouble—or don't take the trouble—to put into office.

The Charter goes on to lay down that the Central Council must hold an annual meeting in the month of April. This year our Council meeting falls by chance on St. George's Day, a festival strangely neglected by the English in contrast with their neighbours' days of David, Andrew and Patrick. St. George's fight with the Dragon is counted legend, but dragons, walking the earth in the dull livery of 'problems', are lively enough in our own day. Toc H in the current year will have its own share of battle with dragons, domestic, national and international, and every one of us should wish the incoming Central Executive well in leading us against them. If romantically minded, it might do worse than open its first meeting with the immemorial battle-cry, "God and St. George!"

Within the Meaning of the Act

BLUE BOOKS and Acts of Parliament are traditionally dull reading; and even a generation nourished on thrillers and detective stories may shrink from opening the pages of the *Criminal Justice Act, 1948*. Dull this Act will be and dull will it remain so long as we fail to see behind its provisions men and women very like ourselves. The boy in the Youth Club where we help each Friday evening, the man sitting next to us in the bus, the blonde whom we noticed going up the steps of our local Police Court—Tom, Dick and Harry, Mary, Jane and Ann, they are all there, peering out at us from behind the clauses and sub-clauses, the “provided that’s”, the “notwithstanding”, and the “hereinafters”.

What then may happen to someone—let us appropriately call him John—who has been arrested, charged, tried and found guilty of some offence against the law?

If the offence which had been committed is not one to which a sentence is fixed by law he may, perhaps to his surprise, be discharged absolutely or on the condition that he commits no further offence during a specified period which may not exceed twelve months from the date of his discharge. Having had this order explained to him in ordinary language he is free to go back again into his own world.

It may, however, be necessary that John should be remanded until the Court can come to a proper decision about him. Perhaps, too, there are good reasons why he should not be allowed bail. If John is under fourteen years of age he will be sent to a Remand Home; so will he be if he is between fourteen and seventeen, unless the Court certifies that he is so “unruly” or so “depraved” that a Remand Home is no place for him; if he is between seventeen and twenty-one he will go to a Remand Centre—if one is available—instead of being sent to a prison, provided, again, that he is not too “unruly” or “depraved”. While he is in the Remand Home a report

on his mental and physical condition may be made so as to enable the Court to decide how best to deal with him.

Perhaps there will be no need to remand John; but the Court may think that to discharge him does not really fit the case. What about touching his pocket? A fine can be imposed on him, and the Court may allow him time to pay, direct him to pay by instalments and fix a term of imprisonment if he fails to pay.

John, however, as he stands in the dock, discovers that he is neither being remanded, discharged, fined nor bound over in his own recognizance in the sum of £5 to come up for judgment if called upon. Instead, he hears the Court placing him on probation for two years under the supervision of the Probation Officer. The Court does not impose upon him such other requirements as sometimes seem necessary in order to secure the offender's good behaviour; but it has made careful inquiries into his home surroundings and as a result has decided that it will be best for him to go to an Approved Probation Home for six months—it might have been for a year and his probation for three. All this, and what will happen to him if he does not keep the terms of his Probation Order, is explained to him in non-technical language. But if he is fourteen or over the Order will not be made unless he says that he is willing to comply with it. John wisely accepts.

But suppose the Court has medical evidence before it to the effect that John's mental condition requires treatment and yet that he cannot be certified as a mental defective or a person of unsound mind. The Court can still place him on probation and require him to undergo treatment as a resident or non-resident patient in some hospital or other approved place or to receive it while under the direction of a doctor. If the Court is satisfied on the evidence of at least two duly qualified medical practitioners that John is of unsound mind and has already come to the conclusion that he committed the offence with which he has been charged and for which he could be sent to prison, then it can order him to be received and detained in an Institution for persons of unsound mind. (In future, offenders sent to Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum

will no longer be styled "criminal lunatics" but "Broadmoor patients"; and Broadmoor will not be described as above but as "Broadmoor Institution").

No Court of Summary Jurisdiction—what is popularly known as the Police or Magistrate's Court—can sentence John to a term of imprisonment if he is under seventeen; and a Court of Assize or Quarter Sessions cannot do so if he is under fifteen. Further, no Court can send him to prison, if he is under twenty-one, unless it is convinced that there is no other appropriate method of dealing with him. If, however, he is between fourteen and twenty-one and if the Court have power or would have had power had it not been for the above restrictions to sentence him to imprisonment, it may order him to be detained for a few months in a Detention Centre under suitable discipline. But he cannot be sent there if he has previously been in Borstal or prison.

If John is between fourteen and twenty-one and but for the above restrictions could be imprisoned for his offence, he may find himself ordered to attend an Attendance Centre. This may happen to him, too, if he has not kept the terms of his Probation Order. The times at which he will be required to attend will interfere as little as practicable with his school or working hours; it may not be on more than one occasion a day or for more than three hours on that occasion. At the Attendance Centre he will be given under supervision appropriate occupation or instruction.

In certain circumstances John may find himself in a Borstal Institution. He can be sent there if he is between sixteen and twenty-one, his offence punishable by imprisonment, and the Court satisfied that in view of his character and previous conduct and the circumstances of his offence a sentence of Borstal training is the best method of dealing with him. In such an Institution he will be given training and instruction conducive to his reformation and the prevention of crime. On his release he will be subject to supervision. Even if John is serving a term of imprisonment it is possible for him to be transferred to a Borstal Institution; but the converse is also true, for if he is reported to the Secretary of State by the Board of Visitors of a Borstal Institution as incorrigible and of a

bad influence he can be transferred to a prison to serve the remainder of his sentence.

John, it has to be admitted, has apparently taken to what is popularly called a life of crime. He is in Court again. He is now twenty-five and has on two previous occasions since he was seventeen been convicted of offences punishable by imprisonment for two or more years. His present offence can carry with it such a sentence. This time the Court decides that he should receive training of a corrective character for not less than two nor more than four years. His corrective training will be in a prison, and if he is released before his sentence is expired he will be under supervision. If he is not less than thirty, has been convicted on at least three previous occasions of offences punishable with imprisonment for two or more years and at least on two of these sentenced to Borstal training, imprisonment or corrective training, the period of preventive detention to which he can be sentenced for his present offence may be between five and fourteen years.

No Court can sentence John to penal servitude or to imprisonment with hard labour. Probably he will be less moved by the knowledge of their abolition than by the section of the Act which prohibits a Court from sentencing him to be whipped. But corporal punishment may be inflicted upon him for mutiny, incitement to mutiny or gross personal violence to an officer of a prison while he is serving a sentence of imprisonment, corrective training or preventive detention.

Sentence of death shall not be pronounced or recorded against a person if it appears that at the time when he committed the offence he was under eighteen years of age.

It has been said that "Parliament can do everything but turn a boy into a girl". It has also been maintained that men cannot be made good by Act of Parliament. But a good Act can in course of time influence men and women for good. Even the best of Acts needs the co-operation not only of officials but of ordinary citizens. For many years Toc H members, in positions official and unofficial, have tried to help the John's of this world. The need is still there and is still being met. But it can and should be met to a yet greater extent: The day of voluntary service is not over. JOHN DURHAM.

Multum in Parvo

☛ Visitors from other Areas will be welcome at these FESTIVALS OR RALLIES. Particulars can be obtained from the Area Secretary concerned, as shown in the list published in this number.

April 9: West Midlands. Birmingham.

April 18: Wales and Marches. Caerphilly.

April 30: North-Western. Southport.

April 30/May 1: Lincolnshire. Skegness.

May 21: Lakeland. Penrith.

June 11: East Midlands. Peterborough.

June 18: Oxford & Thames Valley. Windsor and Eton.

June 19: Surrey and Sussex. Chichester.

July 2: Western. Bristol.

July 17: Kent. Rochester and Chatham.

Sept. 10: Kent. Sevenoaks.

Sept. 10/11: Notts. and Derby. Swanwick.

Sept. 24: Beds. and Herts. Harpenden.

Oct. 8: Yorkshire. York.

Oct. 8/9: Scotland. Glasgow.

☛ GENERAL MEMBERS, both Central and Area, are specially invited to join in the above. In many instances, Toc H BUILDERS in the locality will be receiving invitations to attend.

☛ THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT will be started in Ceylon on December 11, 1949, and observed that day at 9 p.m. by local time in all places westward of Ceylon to the Pacific, in Asia, Africa, Europe and America. It will be observed at 9 p.m. on December 12 in New Zealand, Australia and Asia east of Ceylon.

☛ There will not be a BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL at a national centre in December, 1949. The next Toc H Festival is likely to take place in London in October, 1950.

☛ A Report of the Annual Meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL on April 23/24 will be published in the June Journal.

Pancake Party

THE PANCAKE PARTY on Shrove Tuesday has become a tradition of London Toc H. Originally Tubby's event, it missed its founder this year, for his tanker from the Persian Gulf had not quite reached Swansea in time. Like all forms of carnival on the threshold of the austerities of Lent, the programme is a mixed grill; this one has a pancake (putty and horsehair plus) as one ingredient. The great hall with galleries of the Central Hall, Westminster, accustomed to be full of bishops for the Church Assembly, was crowded with members of Toc H and Toc H (Women's Section) and Builders in a gay mood.



Austen Williams says "goodbye"

Wyatt Joyce opened the ball with vigorous conducting of community singing, a prelude to an amusing drama—the Cornish mumming play, *St. George and the Dragon* (not to mention the quack doctor). This was well done by boys of Forest Hill Secondary School, whence came Harry Gell, Chairman of the South Eastern London Area Executive, a member of the Central Executive and compère of this evening. His first act was a presentation to two recently-retired members of the London staff,

to Austen Williams (now Deputy Vicar of St. Martin-in-the-Fields) and, in absence, to Fred Ainsworth. This led to the climax of the first half of the programme—the Pancake 'Grease', modelled (a good deal too faintly) on the ancient ceremony of Westminster School. The gladiators were led on to the stage by a trumpeter; the lion's share of the 'pancake' was pocketed the moment it touched the floor by Bonham-Carter (Mark VII) and the short,



BRIAN DICKSON *decorates* SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON FYFE
with the first Toc H Builders' Badge

sharp struggle which ensued was, therefore, mainly shadow boxing. However, the presentation of the annual trophy—a framed 10s. note issued by Baden Powell during the siege of Mafeking—to the winner gave excuse for a further little ceremony and a charming speech in reply. Sir William Hamilton Fyfe presented the trophy, and in turn Brian Dickson put into his buttonhole the very first to be issued of the new 'Toc H Builders' badges. Sir William (late Vice-Chancellor of St. Andrews University), whose headmastership of Christ's Hospital started years of close contact between Old Blues and Toc H, replied in a model speech for this occasion—the 21st Birthday of the Builders' Scheme.

He referred to this Coming-of-Age, and welcomed the Builders (there were a good many present) in the audience. He referred to the many Builders absent, some of whom had sent greetings, and especially to Miss Beauchampe, a Builder near Reading since 1932, who had celebrated her hundredth birthday on February 11th. There were now, he said, 4,000 Builders and they provided Toc H with £10,000 a year; since the start of the scheme they had given it £100,000. The true celebration of the Coming-of-Age should be for every member of Toc H to get one more Builder: that might be too much to hope, but they ought to try. The spirit of Toc H was the thing most needed in the world today and its members had an opportunity of increasing Christian service which they must use to the full.

An interval followed, and the lively audience milled about at the stairhead outside in a crowd like Coronation night; the most persevering reached the refreshments. Summoned back to the hall, they sat and listened to John Palmer, former Padre of West Midlands and Northern London Areas and Warden of the Toc H Services Club in Bedford during the war. He spoke on 'foolishness', his own and other people's and finally, striking a deeper note, the foolishness of God which can confound the wisdom of men. Then the audience stood to sing the familiar Festival hymn, '*Out of many into one*', and the house lights began to go down as the Lamps of London Branches, some women's as well as men's, filed in and filled the tiers at the back of the platform. The Ceremony of Light was prefaced by three voices speaking Bunyan's language, but such decorations of the simplicity of the ceremony are always to be questioned: the beauty of 'Light' spoke for itself. The Lamps retired, and after a moment's pause Austen Williams mounted the corner of the platform and led Family Prayers. And so home.

Two Worlds in Perspective

Padre SHAWN HERRON, as readers already know, has left North Wales to work for six months with Toc H in Canada. Here he compares "the old country" with Canada and especially with the United States, where he received part of his training and where he has many friends.

MUCH about Canada will appear in another place later in the year, but several thousand miles of journeying in Canada and the United States has given me not a new perspective but most certainly a keener perspective on what many people over here call "the old country".

Canada is *not* "like the United States". The Canadian accent is much the same, but the spiritual accent is far more different than even many Canadians appear to realise. The pace and pressure of American life leaves little room—except in certain places—for the ease that wards off ulcers. Beside the Americans the Canadians are "slow"—so the Americans say—yet I would back the 'slower', quieter approach of the Canadian in terms of actual work done, against the preliminary ballyhoo and the afterbirth of chest-beating of the Americans if I wanted the job done well. There are still human values, quiet, intangible things, in the general life of the Canadian nation. She is in danger of losing these, her greatest asset.

But the British? "Slower" than either. The poor control-frustrated British, hag-ridden and harrowed. How sorry the ulcer-eaten Americans are for the worm-eaten British! And of course there are some refugees from dying or dead old Britain in the shape of middle-class immigrants who are sailing for Canada where they can have freedom to be self-interested without social responsibility. They do not praise the old country. One of them who did not know I was from the old country told me how wearisome eight years of black bread in Britain had become! This is what we are losing in some of our immigrants: the old country is fortunate. But what has Canada done to deserve such as these?

Why go over all this in the JOURNAL? Because a strange

little point emerges from a renewed contact with North America after a ten years' absence. The Americans and Canadians (qualify this in relation to the Canadians) are unhappier in their plenty than the poor old British are in their poverty. The burden of material care pulls on them with heavier pressure than it does on the British who have so little to care about. It may be passing strange, but this Britain from which freedom is alleged to have passed, is a freer place than the great new western world where 'freedom' is the watchword. The expense of living? Believe me, the general social responsibility of the structure of British life is ordered and disciplined in comparison with the expensive and individualistic (some would prefer 'irresponsible') social provision for the needs of the peoples of North America.

For me, all this adds up to something more significant than any other single factor in the world's life today. That in spite of their difficulties and distresses there is more order, more freedom, more competence in British life and work today than in the Fantastic Continent. More than that, this calm and purposeful discipline imposed by the British on themselves is built on a foundation of spiritual resources which makes life on the Fantastic Continent seem a very shoddy and impermanent thing. People who admire the British come amongst them and tell them how good they are. It is time that one of their own, with his heart and his feet in both Europe and North America, told them again. The future of the world does *not* rest with American guns and butter. It rests with the intangible, old and eternal values that gave the peculiar British their art, their religion, and their quality of life. It is that quality of life which is more needed by the world than American dollars, for the values can live without dollars but the dollars are not even relevant without the values. The choice, as Ian Fraser says, is between comfort and civilization. The Fantastic Continent has the comfort—and what comfort!—but the dog-cared old dunderheads in Britain, sans central heating, sans washing machines, sans cars, sans almost everything—they *still have the civilization*. And our discomfort isn't so bad. Enough is enough. Too much is too much, and the Kingdom is within.

S. H.

A Place for the Lamp

FINDING THE RIGHT SETTING for the Lamp of Maintenance in the Branch meeting-place presents a small problem

which is often neglected or not satisfactorily solved. The Lamp does not look at its best on a high pedestal, once intended to uphold a potted aspidistra; it deserves more dignity than a crowded mantle-piece or a table among ash-trays and empty coffee cups. Elaborate shrines are sometimes attempted, but the lines of the Lamp are themselves so simple that a plain and solid background fits them better. Sevenoaks Branch have found a good solution in which the simplicity of design, quality of material and of workmanship combine to

produce a most practical and beautiful result. The photograph of the Lamp bracket on the wall of their Branch room explains itself. The plaque, made of oak supplied by a Branch member, is itself a memorial to the only member of the Branch who did not return from the last war. It was presented by his family, designed and made by the Tunbridge Wells Art School, and the carving was done by a friend of Toc H, Mr. Chapman of Seal.



History in the Making

WHENEVER you meet a local historian you strike a seam which may prove to be rich gold or may peter out disappointingly after the first assay. Whether tiny grain or rich nugget, recorded facts have their uses, and it is an accumulation of such local detail, mustered by a master hand, which makes Trevelyan's *English Social History* a best-seller, even among people with no claim to be students of history. Here are two books, poles apart in their subject, which are the work of local historians in Toc H. Both are crammed with facts and also touched with romance; in the telling of the story the character and enthusiasm of a man shines through the pages of each.

The Story of Roxeth (Foy. 10s. 6d. to be obtained from the author, 91 Woodend Avenue, Roxeth, Harrow, Middlesex) is a labour of true love by T. L. Bartlett. Tom's services in his own Branch and through it to Belra are well-known to his fellow-members in London. He is a veteran leader of Scouts, to whom, among other things he has passed on the joys of bird-watching. In that field his reputation is more than local; a member of the British Ornithological Union, he is doing distinguished work on the council of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and to touch him on that subject is to start an hour of most fascinating talk. All these interests break into the pages of his story of "good old Roxey". The ancient traditions, the very existence, of 'Hroces-seath', the 'Rooks' Marsh', are threatened by the monstrous growth of suburban London. As a foil to its Underground station, dully named 'South Harrow', Tom, in the frontispiece to his book, defiantly sets the new boundary stone inscribed 'Roxeth, 845 A.D.', the date of Roxeth's charter, but he carries its history far back beyond that to the fighting tribes which lived in the Marsh two thousand years ago and to Julius Caesar passing through the place. From that starting point his enthusiasm carries

him on, with an extraordinary wealth of detail, to 1945 when the lighting of the Toc H Lamp at the Boundary Stone, with a great concourse repeating "We will remember them", marked the culmination of the four-days' celebration of the Eleventh Centenary of Roxeth. This book does good service in rescuing, before it is too late, a real place whose identity is besieged by the mass-movement of our own times, but Tom has gone further by his share in founding the 'Friends of Roxeth' who are pledged "to uphold the good name of Roxeth in studying its history and boundaries and by working to maintain open spaces, good fellowship, beauty and happy children within its borders". This, then, is no dry-as-dust record of the past but the story of a living community, deeply rooted, which has a present and a future.

Glint of Gold (Robertson & Mullens, Melbourne. 195. 6d.) provides an immense contrast. It takes us not only to the other side of the world but into a society a little like the remotest ancestors of Roxeth and yet within living memory. The memory is that of a pioneer member of Toc H in Australia, Charles M. Harris—'Father' Harris or 'the Old Man' to his mates and long ago nicknamed 'Diorite' in the Australian gold fields. "So busy was he when over seventy years young", says the preface, that he left the telling of his story to a writer more practised, Malcolm Uren, a well-known Australian historian. So the genial portrait of Harris as frontispiece faces the name of Uren upon the title-page.

The history begins with 'Bayley's Find' of gold in Western Australia in 1892 and covers the following fifty years of adventure, fortune and disaster, comradeship and tough living during which 'Diorite' has been a prospector for precious metal back and forth all over the country. He knew the old-timers in the gold rush, the barrow-men who pushed all their possessions across waterless deserts on incredibly home-made wheel-barrows, the camel-men and the cyclists who rode in this exacting race, the good companions and the desperate outlaws, the parsons who kept pace with their tough 'parishioners', the men who tramped and worked, drank and quarrelled and rejoiced together, who found gold or perished in their tracks by thirst, exhaustion or the spears of 'bad

blacks.' It is the tale of a primitive society in which gallantry and good fellowship outweigh selfishness and violence. Among the many episodes there is the crazy venture in a whaleboat through a furious forty-foot tide which led 'Father' Harris to discover uncharted water which he christened 'Toc H Bay' (the story was told in this JOURNAL twenty years ago)—a name which the Federal Government changed to 'Talbot Bay', thereby commemorating not *our* Talbot but an Australian geologist. And the moving "Rescue at Robinson River", in which Harris played the decisive part, was (he writes in a letter to the reviewer), "the result of Divine Guidance—in the story called a dream. As a Quaker born, I have had more than one experience of being guided by the Spirit to act without hesitation or fear of the result".

It is very right that this 'local history', the memories of an age that is going or gone, should be thus written down, before their best living witness goes too. From it emerges especially the figure of 'Diorite' himself, "a man so big in his horizons that when sight began to desert him after seventy years and more he set about learning Braille with as much pleasure of finding something new to learn as of courage in attempting." His membership of Toc H is still very warm and real, for, as his biographer says in a final paragraph, "comradeship was always a mantle he wore easily".

B. B.

For Young and Old

GRANTHAM BRANCHES, both men's and women's, have turned themselves into "Uncles and Aunts" to the children of three local Children's Homes. They came to the conclusion that running an occasional children's treat was not the best they could do; they must meet them every Thursday night in the Homes and get them taken out into other people's homes at least for a few hours every month.

"Our aim", writes the Branch Secretary, "is to visit each Home every week, so that in the absence of real parental influence they may have the

GRANTHAM BRANCH members renew their youth with children of the Huntingtower-Home. C. Foster manages a horse, J. Traxler becomes one, G. Cooper takes girl-friends into Fairyland.



opportunity of meeting adults and mixing with 'foster fathers'—and just how much the children enjoy these visits is evident from the photographs reproduced above.

"At the present time, of course, they are exceptionally well looked after in the Homes, but by being invited to people's dwellings they will be able to play with other children and meet people, and thus enjoy a little bit of normal home life.

"There are not sufficient members to put the full scheme into effect, but we are making a start with girls at Fluntingtower Road Home. We want another forty volunteers to accept one child each into a home for at least once in three months. In this way, we hope to cater for children in all three Homes.

"We are not appealing for presents, but we do ask those people who accept children under the scheme to remember their birthday by a greetings card. The postman very rarely calls on these children."

More information about the scheme can be had from the Jobmaster, C. Foster, Toc H Headquarters, 52a High Street, Grantham, Lincolnshire.

An Old People's Club

From Sprowston Branches, again both men's and women's, comes another good story of a job. About a year ago Toc H Sprowston were fortunate enough to get into new premises, which included a large room (35 ft. x 18 ft.). Soon after, the Treasurer of the Norfolk Old People's Welfare Committee gave them a guest night talk which had a practical outcome. The Branch then summoned a meeting of townspeople likely to be interested in forming an Old People's Club; this included representatives of all the other organised societies in the parish and of the Norfolk Old People's Committee. That night the Club was born and a committee formed to organise it. This consists of representatives of eight local organisations including Toc H, which has three members, one the Jobmaster: "this cuts red tape to the limit, as any job the Club requires of Toc H is placed right in the lap of Jobbie and avoids double handling". Within a month the Club was open in the big room of Toc H, whose members had completely redecorated it and furnished it with gifts which poured in from townspeople. The committee is working well, for relations are of the happiest.

The old people meet every Thursday afternoon, and as the men are then at work a great band of lady helpers takes charge. Among these Sprowston Women's Section pull their full weight, at all times as well as on Club afternoons. Film shows, juvenile entertainment, talks and music are provided; there is a free library; summer outings and dinners or teas are arranged for special occasions; each member gets a birth-

day card and golden weddings are always duly honoured! In sick-visiting, which is strictly done, Toc H deals with all the men. Finance causes no headache, for the venture is well supported by the Norfolk County Council, the county Old People's Welfare Committee and voluntary subscriptions.

A good point to remember is that this is a Sprowston *citizens'* job, in which Toc H is glad to have taken the initiative, to be able to provide a room and to have its manpower ready. Any further information can be had from the Secretary of the Branch (and also of the Club), Cyril F. Robinson, 1 Blenheim Road, Sprowston, Norwich.

Leprosy

All who work for BELRA will be sorry to hear that fire has gutted the Leper Colony Hospital at Itu, Nigeria, with the loss of all drugs and equipment. As this grievous loss is not covered by insurance, BELRA is likely to be asked to help the Church of Scotland to re-build. Many of our Toc H leprosy volunteers received their training at Itu or have worked for spells there.

A Badge for Toc H Builders

In response to a number of requests, the new Badge illustrated here has been designed and produced for the use of our Toc H Builders.



Finished in black enamel and gilt with a pin fitting, it is obtainable by any Builder at a cost of 1s. on application either to local Secretaries or to Headquarters.

Many Builders attend the Guest Nights and Festivals of Toc H and many new opportunities for doing so will occur during this 21st year of the Toc H Builder. The wearing of the Badge will make for easier recognition of any Toc H Builders present and will strengthen the bond which already exists between the Builders and members of Toc H.

The Elder Brethren

BINGHAM.—On February 7, ROBERT E. T. BINGHAM, aged 71, a member of Lye Branch. Elected 23.5.'29.

BURROWS.—On February 6, THOMAS BAILEY BURROWS ('Bo'), aged 77, a member of Whitstable Branch. Elected 21.2.'46.

CAMPION.—On February 6, SIDNEY H. CAMPION, aged 75, a former Secretary of Worthing Branch. Elected 1.10.'29.

CHATTERTON.—On December 31, JULIAN CHATTERTON, aged 60. Secretary of the Indian Lone Units Committee. Initiated in Bombay Branch II, 1934.

FARNFIELD.—On February 25, B. S. ('BUNNY') FARNFIELD, aged 62, a founder member and first Secretary of Bromley Branch. Elected 1.1.'22.

GRAHAM-BARROW.—On February 13, EDWARD PERCY GRAHAM-BARROW, formerly Secretary of Sandsend Branch. Elected 1.5.'37.

HODGSON.—On December 29, HARRY HODGSON, aged 57, a member of the Scottish Area Executive. Elected 28.2.'34.

HOLMAN.—On March 1, TOM HENRY HOLMAN, aged 61, late Chairman, Vancouver Branch, Canada.

KELLY.—In February, in Vancouver, A. D. KELLY, a member of Winnipeg Branch, Canada.

KENT.—On February 16, CHARLES WILLIAM KENT, aged 49, a member of the General Branch, attached Mark XXII. Elected 23.5.'45.

LAMB.—On February 8, LESLIE GEORGE LAMB, a member of Christchurch Branch. Elected 13.10.'36.

MULVY.—On February 21, HAROLD MULVY, a member of Harehills Branch, Leeds. Elected 3.3.'34.

TROKE.—On January 28, ALFRED TROKE, aged 62, a former Secretary of Brighton Branch. Elected 23.6.'47.

WOOD.—On February 7, JOSEPH SAGAR WOOD ('SPLINTERS'), aged 60 years, a member of South Shore (Blackpool) Branch. Elected 6.11.'30.

Pilgrimages

Talbot House, Poperinghe

AS ALREADY ANNOUNCED in the February JOURNAL, applications are invited from members of Toc H to take part in pilgrimages to the Old House—

(a) over the Whitsun weekend, June 4-7.

(b) over the Bank Holiday, July 29-August 2.

The total cost of these long weekends, including travel, board and lodging, motor tours and 'pocket money', will be about £9, of which £5 10s. 0d. should be sent, at the time of the application, to the Pilgrimage Secretary. The rest should be obtained by the applicant himself at an English bank in Belgian francs in the form of Travellers' Cheques which can be cashed in Poperinghe.

Other pilgrimages are being arranged for Toc H (Women's Section).

Apart from pilgrimages on these dates, the Old House is always ready to receive any members wishing to stay there at times convenient to themselves: their wives will also be welcome to accompany them. Such visitors must make their own travel arrangements and should notify the Pilgrimage Secretary well in advance, so that accommodation in the Old House may be reserved. All inquiries to the Pilgrimage Secretary, 47 Francis Street, S.W.1.

Oberammergau

The Editor has now heard direct from OBERAMMERGAU that the Passion Play will be performed in 1950. Dates of performances and cost of travel are not yet available, but any members of Toc H and Toc H (Women's Section) who would like to join a Toc H party are recommended to save for the journey, the cost of which is bound to be heavy.

Acknowledgment

The picture on page 136 is reproduced by courtesy of the *Grantham Journal*.